

# TANEY COUNTY REPUBLICAN

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Four Pages.

## Ozarks Playground Association

The Ozarks Playground Association has been organized in Taney county, Missouri, for the purpose of developing the Ozarks as a playground for the people of the state. The association has been organized by a group of people who are interested in the Ozarks and who want to see it developed as a playground for the people of the state. The association has been organized by a group of people who are interested in the Ozarks and who want to see it developed as a playground for the people of the state.

Forsyth: J. E. Felkins, R. C. Ford, S. E. Gard and Chas. H. Groom.  
Branson: O. L. McBride, Hobert McQuetter, E. M. Grandlin.  
Hollister: W. M. Smith.

## Red Cross Home Nursing Class

The classes in elementary hygiene and home care of the sick, organized by Mrs. Frances Allen of Branson under the auspices of the Red Cross, are well attended. Much interest is manifested. There are two classes, one between the hours of two and four, the other between four and six. There is no expense connected with the course except the purchasing of a book—45 cents—and that is optional, and every woman and girl are urged to attend.

The lessons are practical and helpful, and Mrs. Allen a capable instructor. She is a graduate nurse of considerable experience and holds her appointment under the state board at St. Louis. Later there will be demonstration work and possibly a course in first aid. There is over one thousand dollars in the treasury now for that purpose.

Mrs. Allen has classes at Branson, Hollister, Old Branson school house, Bee Creek (north) school house, and Garber, but none of them equal Forsyth in interest and numbers.

There are about thirty members enrolled here at the present time. You are invited to attend.

## "Look It Up"

Thinking men and women will do well to consider the striking arguments brought out by the World Trade Club of San Francisco in their campaign for adoption of the units of the metric system of weights and measures.

They show a striking anomaly: That the metric system was invented by a Briton, James Watt, in 1783, and yet all civilized nations have adopted it exclusively, excepting the United States and Great Britain.

That so called "British system" of weights and measures is of German origin—a relic of the old German Hanseatic trade league—and yet Germany scrapt it in 1871 and adopted the metric system, invented by a Briton.

People of Britannia and America may well ask themselves whether they are not carrying conservatism too far.

The Metric System is no untried theory.

Its principle—the principle of decimal computation—has been used in the monetary system of the United States since 1786. If the United States had heeded Thomas Jefferson, we should also have adopted this system of weights and measures based on decimals—so simple a system that a child can learn its main features in ten minutes. We know how well it works with money. It will work equally well with weights and measures.

The Club has started the ball rolling. What we all need is to look the subject up.

## Dump Brush and Straw into Ditches.

Brush and Straw piles that will be in the way next spring should be hauled away and used to stop soil washing. Aside from using straw as bedding for live stock, or spreading it over fields, this is perhaps the best use to make of it. Every one has seen enormous gullies cut in a single season and years spent trying to undo the mischief. The

men who stop the wash while the ditch is in it.

Girls that have just started in a course of study in school or even in pasture. For when they are with a horse, they are not so much interested in the horse as they are in the brush. In other words, it is necessary to plan to sow sorghum to stop the washing, but if the gullies are more than a foot deep and two or three feet wide it is usually better to use brush, according to the University of Missouri College of Agriculture.

The brush dam gives better results if straw is mixed with the brush to hold the dirt. Wherever the fall is great enough to make the water cut seriously it is likely to be necessary to stake down the brush and straw so they will not wash away.

The less busy winter time should be used in active work to stop losses from soil washing, and in planning next season's field work so that the fields will be planted and cultivated across the slopes or around the hill. Then the rows will not run straight down the slope and thereby furnish the steepest possible channel for the run off from rains. Those who have such winter cover crops as rye to hold the soil in place are fortunate, but those who do not should not flatter themselves that no washing is going on even in winter when there is less rainfall.

## WALNUT SHADE

We have had plenty of rain the past week. The mail man was waterbound a couple days.

Last Saturday night Jack Frost visited us good and proper. Plenty of ice but looks now that we are going to have some more bright sunshine.

Lonnie, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Florence passed away last Friday and was laid to rest in the Walnut Shade cemetery.

Mabel Estep visited last Monday with her mother, Mrs. Jim Melton.

Taney Houseman has purchased a 40-acre tract of land near Flint Hill school house.

We are glad to know that Dr. Harned will continue to make Forsyth his home, for he was a welcome visitor in this locality in time of the flu.

## CEDAR GROVE

Butchering is the order of the day. Jack Steele and Ernest Keithley took some mules to Kissea Mills to sell the mule buyer Tuesday.

A number of our patrons attended the Thanksgiving dinner at our school house last Thursday and enjoyed a fine dinner and program.

Like Johnson of Swan spent Tuesday night with the Steele family.

Z. L. Day of Bradleyville was in our neighborhood last week, still working at his old job—trading—and he got a trade, too.

## GARBER

E. A. Drum is getting out sale bills and will leave us shortly to engage in other business in Kansas. We regret to see Mr. Drumm and his worthy wife go away, but as they have other interests and their children are in the west, they feel it their duty to be in nearer touch with them.

J. W. Vinning who had a sale published several days ago struck a very wet day and will have to try it all over again.

Marion and Eddie Cox came in from Illinois the other day where they spent the fall husking corn, and seemed glad to get back to the hills.

Some of our neighbors are butchering this week which will cause a falling off in packing house demands.

Miss Genevieve Lynch returned to her work in Chicago last Saturday after a two weeks visit with her father and sister.

Most of our cattle men got their feed in good time to meet the bad weather and the prospective tie-up of the railroads.

The past week furnished us all kinds of wintery weather, wet chilly and generally disagreeable to everybody, as

well as snow, but Sunday and Monday of this week gave us sunshine to be followed by cold and clouds and then snow on Sunday, Tuesday, in riding.

We of the country districts can compare our days with that we are not at the mercy of the red element that is causing so much suffering in the cities for the want of fuel to keep warm. It seems we are in need of another Cleveland and some more Judge Andersons to clean up and settle the wobbles and slackers that have grown too numerous to be of use to the country.

## Diamond Cut Diamond

By JANE BUNKER

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our reckless passion for spending wasn't equal to twenty-five dollars for a pair of slippers. Madame came down ten francs and inveigled us into trying on the slippers. There was a difference of half a size in the pairs and they fitted as though they'd been made in heaven. Madame came down ten francs more and then knocked off five, and we bought them at a hundred francs a pair, laughingly telling each other we'd caught each other in the act and promising never to give each other away.

I had liked this American woman and should have been glad to see her again; and here she was. She was pleasant and unaffected, a woman of possibly forty; dark hair, black eyes, waxy as to complexion; not what I would call handsome but with a distinct air.

Claire had introduced her as Mrs. Delario and later the child confided that her father had found her by accident as he had me. That he paid her fare over as an inducement to her to come on this steamer—with me, I even then surmised. Claire and she shared the largest stateroom on board.

There were two other women going over, but Mrs. Delario and I seemed the only ones able to keep our sea legs, while Claire stayed in her berth for almost the entire passage.

But the really friendly acquaintance between Mrs. Delario and me began by our being flung into each other's arms when our frisky little craft took an unexpected dive, trying to see if she could hit bottom with her nose. We made profuse apologies and dropped for safety into the nearest chairs. I was clutching vigorously at the arm of mine, when she fastened her gaze on a ring I wore, reached out and took my hand.

She said, "What a very curious ring—it looks as though it had a history," turning it for different angles and fumbling at it as though she meant to draw it off.

I said it had, and she asked me to let her take it off and try it on. I had curled my fingers over hers to prevent it, for I hate to have people trying on my rings. So I shook my head and replied, "That would break the spell."

She dropped my hand instantly; said, "Excuse me—I didn't know it was that, though I felt the spell—the occult influence—before I touched it. You know I think I felt it that first time we met when we bought the slippers, though I didn't see the ring. I felt something occult all around you. You are under the protection of very powerful influences."

Well, of course, I hadn't meant anything so serious as that when I spoke, but seeing that she was very much in earnest I let it pass and told her the story of the ring. It is a pleasantly romantic tale, the curious escapes from perils and sudden deaths coincident to the ring's possession giving you the feeling that it's lucky.

Mrs. Delario listened, and when I had finished she burst out, "I'm mad over gems—simply mad! It's been the dream of my life to own them in hand. You can't imagine the influence they have over me. I could sing—I could dance. They thrill me through and through. People don't generally think it, but gems are alive."

We had some discussion on this, rather flippant on my part, and it was this incident that started us talking gems and gem values, a subject that had been my pet delight since childhood when I learned the story of the ring that was one day to be my own. A few days later she came to my stateroom with a very mysterious air, said she had some stones she would like to have me value for her, and produced a package of topazes. She said she had bought them in a little town

in Belgium.

I ran them through my hands, held a few to the light and in less than sixty seconds told her they were worth from ninety cents to a dollar apiece.

She was in high feather over it, saying she'd paid only a franc each for them. She next asked me to appraise the diamonds in a ring she wore. I gave her the value of the stones and the probable price that had been paid for it. She appeared so much flattered by my knowledge that she flatteringly said as she rose to leave me, "I'll know where to come if I ever need expert opinion on stones—and I may some day."

I didn't think anything of this at the time—people always say it to me out of politeness—and I no more expected her to call on me as a gem expert than I looked for her to call me as a physician or a lawyer or anything that I professionally wasn't. She knew I was a writer, for I was pegging away at "Belgian Byways" as hard as ever I could to get it ready in time for Blank's magazine—so much that I had to tell Claire frankly she mustn't bother me while I was working. I remember that I was quite sharp to her one morning, saying I should not be able to go out on deck with her till afternoon, and after she had left me, looking rather sad, I had to rush to my stateroom for my forgotten penknife, and there was Claire.

I confess it surprised me to see her there without invitation, but she excused it by saying that she thought I wouldn't mind—she'd grown so tired of her own stateroom and Mrs. Delario was always talking about people she didn't know—and wouldn't I, just out of pity, let her lie in my berth a while? My suitcase was open in the berth. I took it out and stowed it; and then just out of pity I laid Claire down in its place and stayed with her. That one trifling act probably changed the course of my life; but I'm telling the story as it unfolded its length and coiled its entangling meshes over the straight and narrow path my feet were treading.

It was because of our common interest in Claire that I saw a great deal more of Mrs. Delario than I otherwise should have done. It was on the last day out that she first mentioned her own children to me, saying that one reason why she'd been willing to take the responsibility of Claire was that she was so like her Lila, a girl of thirteen in a boarding school; and from Lila she went on to Eugene, who couldn't meet her at the steamer, unfortunately, because she'd come back two weeks early and he was in the West.

He seemed very near her heart, and after talking of him for half an hour she either warned to it or let slip by accident, I couldn't tell which, the words, "It's the grief of my life—and of his, poor boy—that he detests my profession so. But what can I do?"

"Your profession? What is your profession?" I exclaimed, thrown quite out of my customary reserve in asking personal questions.

I thought she looked at me in a queer way, and I saw she hesitated to answer. I was on the point of apologizing for my inquisitiveness when she startled me by replying, "I'm a clairvoyant."

I was thrown off my reserve still more and couldn't help echoing, "A clairvoyant!" In actual astonishment, she was so different from what I'd have expected to find under the name. She added quickly, "I saw you didn't approve of—didn't believe in the occult the day we talked about your ring—and I've been at pains not to—not to bore you with talking shop, there are so many other interesting things that we have in common."

I didn't want her to feel uncomfortable and laughed to reassure her, "Oh, I'm not 'not ag'in it'—to tell you the truth, I don't know a blessed thing about it, except what one picks up in the papers, and of course—"

She fairly took the words out of my mouth that I was at the moment trying to keep in—"Of course one gets prejudiced and looks on that sort of thing as—all fraud." There were both anger and a twinkle in her eye, as though she knew she'd caught me in the act, and then she added, "It's partly what I went over for—to look up some new mediums with a view to having them come to New York and give seances."

And from this she went on and described some of the phenomena she'd actually seen with her own eyes. For instance, a little peasant boy in the south of France—where, she left me to guess, and I fancied she didn't like to trust me with the secret—Jacques Lerolls, "whose phenomena were more wonderful than Euripia Palladino's." He was a physical manifestation medium. He "was greater at ten years of age than Slade."

(To Be Continued)

No Sense of Humor.

"Mrs. Jagshy."

"Well, Mr. Jagshy?"

"When I came home last night—er—we'll say at a late hour, did I retire in good order?"

"In fairly good order, Mr. Jagshy, but I once saw a comedian on the stage try to catch his bed as it came round to him and I did not think his performance at all funny."

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